

Dear God....



Dear God,
what do we do if we see a deer?
Standing with her fawn
in dewy grass. Early morning
mists hovering, clouds of midges
surrounding trees. Around these,
geese strutting with necks
stretched,
heads held high, turning
towards a huddle of sleepy
goslings at the water's edge.
From the corner of our eye,
as we drive by at 40 miles per hour.
We don't stop to admire.

Dear God,
what do we do if we see a deer?
Darting from a field,
scarred by a pot-holed strip
of tarmac. Fleeing
to the other side, pursued
by a fox. In between
goslings grazing on grassy tufts.
A fruit fly flitting, caught
in our peripheral vision.
We slow down. But can't
stop. Such busy lives;
the natural world kept at a distance.

Dear God,
what do we do if we see a deer?
By the kerbside. Startled.
Eyes mesmerised by glints
of sunstruck glass. Goslings
teetering
on the grass verge tumbling
into the path of
moving metal masses. Screeching
to a halt. Stopped in their tracks.
Impatient drivers waving and
honking
like a gaggle of geese. Behind
insect-splattered screens.
A blurred view of nature up close.

Do we not know what
we're doing? Dear God,
we must
pause
give thought to just how
close we're coming
to losing it all.

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